

TASK 2

Read the following text. For questions 7 – 14, choose the correct answer **a), b) or c)**. Circle the correct answer on the answer sheet provided. **0** is the example. **(8 marks)**

ORIGINS

A few months after my twenty-first birthday, a stranger called to give me the news. I was living in New York at the time in an uninviting block, treeless and barren, lined with soot-colored walk-ups that cast heavy shadows for most of the day. The apartment was small, with slanting floors and irregular heat and a buzzer downstairs that didn't work, so that visitors had to call ahead from a pay phone at the corner gas station, where a black Doberman the size of a wolf paced through the night in vigilant patrol, its jaws clamped around an empty beer bottle.

None of this concerned me much, for I didn't get many visitors. I was impatient in those days, busy with work and unrealized-plans, and prone to see other people as unnecessary distractions. It wasn't that I didn't appreciate company exactly. I enjoyed exchanging Spanish pleasantries with my mostly Puerto Rican neighbors, and on my back from classes I'd usually stop to talk to the boys who hung out on the stoop all summer long about the Knicks or the gunshots they'd heard the night before. When the weather was good, my roommate and I might sit out on the fire escape to smoke cigarettes and study the dusk washing blue over the city, or watch white people from the better neighborhoods nearby walk their dogs down our block. I enjoyed such moments - but only in brief. If the talk began to wander, or cross the border into familiarity, I would soon find reason to excuse myself. I had grown too comfortable in my solitude, the safest place I knew.

I remember there was an old man living next door who seemed to share my disposition. He lived alone, a gaunt, stooped figure who wore a heavy black overcoat and a misshapen fedora on those rare occasions when he left his apartment. Once in a while I'd run into him on his way back from the store, and I would offer to carry his groceries up the long flight of stairs. He would look at me and shrug, and we would begin our ascent, stopping at each landing so that he could catch his breath. When we finally arrived at his apartment, I'd carefully set the bags down on the floor and he would offer a courtly nod of acknowledgement before shuffling inside and closing the latch. Not a single word would pass between us, and not once did he ever thank me for my efforts.

The old man's silence impressed me; I thought him a kindred spirit. Later, my roommate would find him crumpled up on the third-floor landing, his eyes wide open, his limbs stiff and curled up like a baby's. A crowd gathered; a few of the women crossed themselves, and the smaller children whispered with excitement. Eventually the paramedics arrived to take away the body and the police let themselves into the old man's apartment. It was neat, almost empty- a chair, a desk, the faded portrait of a woman with heavy eyebrows and a gentle smile set atop the mantelpiece. Somebody opened the refrigerator and found close to a thousand dollars in small bills rolled up inside wads of old newspaper and carefully arranged behind mayonnaise and pickle jars. The loneliness of the scene affected me, and for the briefest moment I wished that I had learned the old man's name. Then, almost immediately, I regretted my desire, along with its companion grief. I felt as if an understanding had been broken between us- as if, in that barren room, the old man was whispering an untold history, telling me things I preferred not to hear.

It must have been a month or so later, on a cold, dreary November morning, the sun faint behind a gauze of clouds, that the other call came. I was in the middle of making myself breakfast when my roommate handed me the phone. The line was thick with static.

"Barry? Barry, is this you?"

"Yes Who's this?"

"Aunt Jane. Listen, Barry, your father is dead. He is killed in a car accident. Hello? Can you hear me? I say, your father is dead. Barry, please call your uncle in Boston and tell him. I can't talk now, okay, Barry. I will try to call you again ..."

That was all. The line cut off, and I sat down on the couch, smelling eggs burn in the kitchen, staring at cracks in the plaster, trying to measure my loss.

At the time of his death, my father remained a myth to me, both more and less than a man. He had left Hawaii back in 1963, when I was only two years old, so that as a child I knew him only through the the stories that my mother and grandparents told. He was an African, I would learn, a Kenyan of the Luo tribe, born on the shores of Lake Victoria in a place called Alego. The village was poor, but his father had been a prominent farmer, an elder of the tribe, a medicine man with healing powers. My father grew up herding his father's goats and attending the local school, set up by the British colonial administration, where he had shown great promise. He eventually won a scholarship to study in Nairobi; and then, on the eve of Kenyan independence, he had been selected by Kenyan leaders and American sponsors to attend a university in the United States, joining the first large wave of Africans to be sent forth to master Western technology and bring it back to forge a new, modern Africa.

Adapted from "Dreams from my Father"

0. The part of New York the narrator describes...
 - a) was dangerous because of the animals around it.
 - b) was full of people with no jobs.
 - ~~c) was not very attractive. (Example)~~
7. The narrator was mostly interested in...
 - a) boys with exciting conversations.
 - b) concentrating on his work.
 - c) people that helped him to learn Spanish.
8. The narrator enjoyed being alone rather than ...
 - a) being given excuses.
 - b) having an intimate conversation.
 - c) sitting in an unsafe neighbourhood.
9. The narrator speaks about the old man...
 - a) because they both liked to be on their own.
 - b) in order to explain why they were friends.
 - c) in order to show the reader how kind he (the narrator) could be.
10. The old man never spoke to the narrator because...
 - a) he could hardly breathe.
 - b) he did not recognize the narrator's help.
 - c) he seemed to be used to being in silence.
11. When Barry heard about his father's death...
 - a) he could only think about the food in the kitchen.
 - b) he remained on the couch till Aunt Jane phoned again.
 - c) he stopped doing everything.
12. Why was the narrator's father "a myth"?
 - a) Barry hardly knew him personally.
 - b) He could cure many people.
 - c) There were a lot of tribal legends about him.

13. When the narrator's father was at school...
- a) he promised he would not become a farmer.
 - b) he was expected to become successful.
 - c) the British colonial administration deceived him.
14. Barry's father was selected by Kenyan leaders...
- a) to become a good African music technician.
 - b) to contribute to improve his mother land.
 - c) to make the West think that Africa had changed.

Example:

0	a)	b)	c)
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7	a)	b)	c)	9	a)	b)	c)	11	a)	b)	c)	13	a)	b)	c)
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8	a)	b)	c)	10	a)	b)	c)	12	a)	b)	c)	14	a)	b)	c)
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A) READING COMPREHENSION

TASK 1: THE TOP SEVEN DO NOTS AT JOB INTERVIEWS

0	H	1	C	2	E	3	I	4	A	5	B	6	F
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TASK 2: ORIGINS .Circle the right answer.

Example:

0	a)	b)	c)
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7	a)	b)	c)	9	a)	b)	c)	11	a)	b)	c)	13	a)	b)	c)
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8	a)	b)	c)	10	a)	b)	c)	12	a)	b)	c)	14	a)	b)	c)
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TASK 3a: DANCING WITH DARCEY. Circle the right answer.

Example:

0	a)	b)	c)	d)
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15	a)	b)	c)	d)	17	a)	b)	c)	d)	19	a)	b)	c)	d)	21	a)	b)	c)	d)
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16	a)	b)	c)	d)	18	a)	b)	c)	d)	20	a)	b)	c)	d)	22	a)	b)	c)	d)
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TASK 3b: WAKING UP TO YOUNG KIDS' SLEEP TROUBLES .Write the word.

Example:

0	which
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23	make	25	because	27	did	29	of
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24	its	26	what/which	28	for	30	whose
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TOTAL SCORE ____ / 30